THE ALL-ACTION COMIC • LET THE GALAXY BURN!

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

No One Gets Out Of Here Alive!

INQUISITOR ASCENDANT CONCLUDES THIS ISSUE

#52

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OwothTAGP

Well, the troops are back in the office after their hard-earned Christmas break and ready to launch their assault on 2002 with a salvo of strips brand new to Warhammer Monthly. Next issue sees the start of Lone Wolves by Dan Abnett and Karl Richardson and believe me, this one will blow you away! Check out the preview art below and you'll see what I mean. Also in next month's issue we have the debut episode of 'The Warhammer' by Dan Abnett and Colin MacNeil, fantasy battles on a truly epic scale. But don't panic Bloodquest fans, Colin and Gordon will be here for issue 54 to kick off book three of that particular epic. Old friends will be returning too, but perhaps not in the environment you would expect as Kal Jerico embarks on his biggest adventure yet. If I tell you it's called Kal Jerico: Above & Beyond then you might have an idea of what I'm getting at.

Warhammer Monthly in 2002; lesser comics better duck and cover!

CHRISTIAN DUNN

INQUISITOR

The young Gravier. The heretic Defay. The implacable Reiker. Three inquisitors. One survivor!

HELLBRANDT GRIMM

A village under seige discovers a mortally wounded stranger. A stranger known as Hellbrandt Grimm.

TITAN

The Titan Legion is ordered forwards. The mysteries of Vector 77 lie ahead, and at its centre: Ground Zero.

THE VAMPIRE HUNTERS TALE

In the backstreets of Talabheim, darkest evil stalks the Ten-Tailed cat.

DISPATCHES:

Legends and scriptures tell of lost companies of Space Wolves. Entire bands of wolf brothers, who for one reason or another chose not to make the journey back through the warp to Fenris deciding instead to remain in the field and carry the battle to the Emperor's foes. Nobody ever paid these legends much heed – dismissing them as fantasies concocted by those who would choose to discredit the mighty Space Wolves chapter. Until now that is.

Be here next issue for the launch of the most eagerly anticipated strip in the history of Warhammer Monthly – *Lone Wolves* by Dan Abnett and Karl Richardson.

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INQUISITOR ASCENDANT
EPISODE TWO: PART TEN
AFTER YEARS SEARCHING FOR HIM WE HAVE AT LAST TRACKED DOWN MY FORMER MASTER DEFAY ON THE WARTORN BLITZ WORLDS
DEFAY HAS CONVINCED ME THAT HIS INTENTIONS HERE ARE TRUE BUT MY NEW MASTER, REIKER, HAS OTHER IDEAS...
NO! NO, YOU WON'T KILL HIM! YOU WON'T KILL DEFAY!
GNNFF! GRAVIER, YOU FOOL...
UGHNN!
WHAT LIES DID HE TELL YOU? WHAT POLLUTION DID HE FILL YOUR SIMPLE MIND WITH, YES?
KTHRUNTCH!
UGHNN!

SCRIPT. DAN ABNETT • ART: JIM BRADY • LETTERS. FIONA STEPHENSON

WHY WON'T YOU LEARN? WHY DO YOU PERSIST IN THIS FOLLY!
I HAVE GIVEN YOU EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO UNDERSTAND THE TRUTH, BUT STILL YOU DENY IT YES?
...UHN...UHN...
...DEFAY... UHN IS NOT... A HERETIC... I SWEAR ON... MY LIFE...
YOUR LIFE IS NOTHING NOW YES?
WHEN WE RETURN TO INQUISITION HEADQUARTERS, YOU WILL BE STRIPPED OF RANK FOR THIS INSUBORDINATION AND SPEND THE REST OF YOUR DAYS IN A PUNISHMENT CAMP.
NOW, THE SOLEMN DUTY OF MY OFFICE
I DECLARE YOU EXTREMIS DIABOLUS AND BY THE POWER OF THE IMPERIAL INQUISITION, I STRIKE YOUR EVIL FROM THE GALAXY!
KNOW ME, DEFAY I AM INQUISITOR REIKER OF THE ORDO HERETICUS...
...N-NO...

AGHHH!
KCHOOOM!
KCHOOOM!
WHAT IS --AGHHH!
GET AWAY FROM HIM, YOU BASTARD!

DEATH FOR YOU NOW, YES!
STILL YOU PERSIST?
LET'S SEE YOU TRY, YOU MONSTER!
LET'S SEE YOU TRY!
I SHOULD NEVER HAVE FOLLOWED YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE! I SHOULD HAVE KILLED YOU THE MOMENT I MET YOU!
AGHH!
AND I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU WERE INFECTED WITH YOUR MASTER'S EVIL YES?
WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES, MY PUPIL - AND THIS WILL SURELY BE YOUR LAST!
UGHN!

EARGH!
YOU ALWAYS WERE A TENACIOUS WARRIOR, GRAVER! YOU MIGHT HAVE SERVED AN INQUISITOR WELL, YES?
ARGHHH!
I DID, DAMN YOU! I DID!

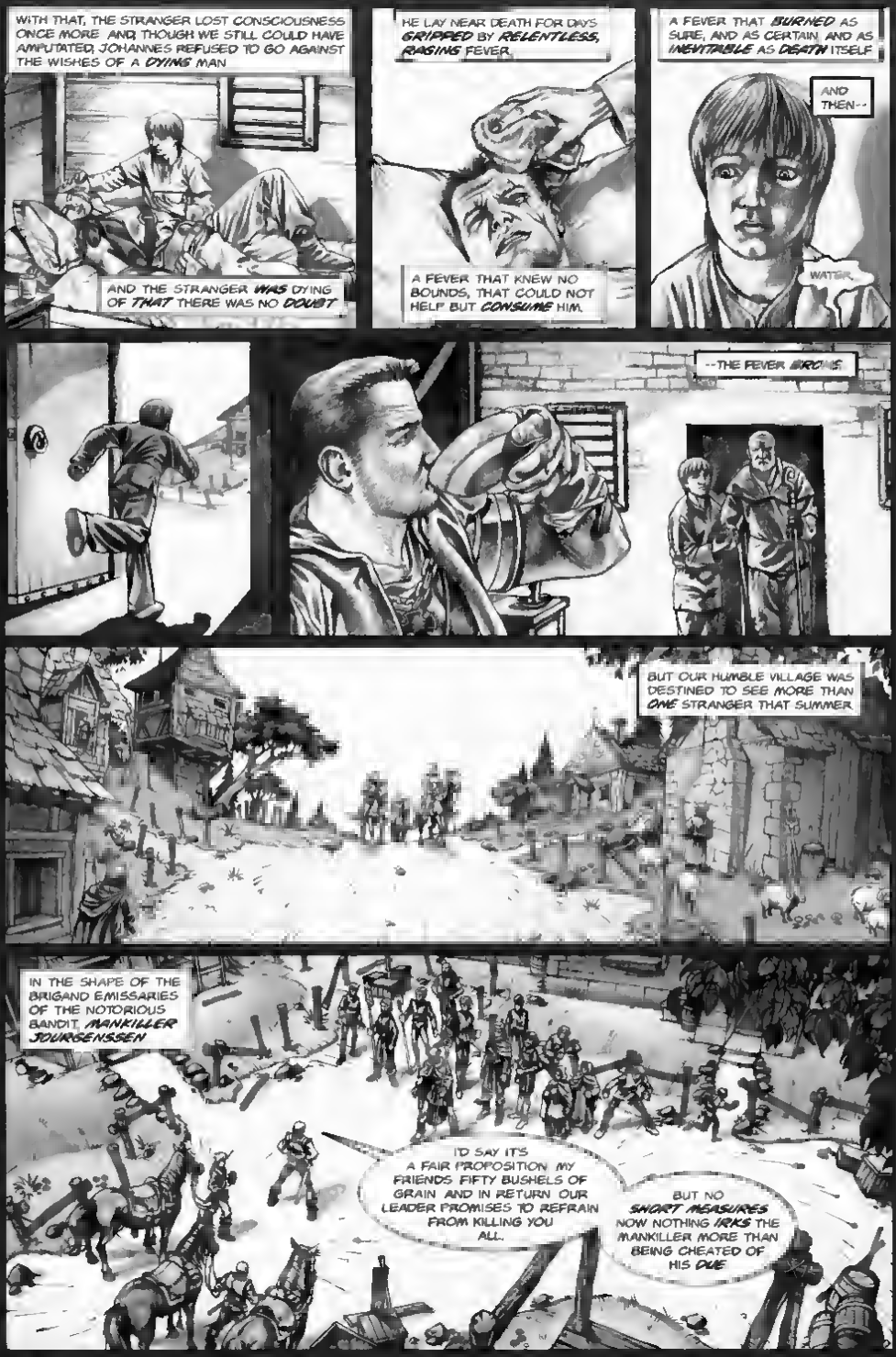
AND HE TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING I KNOW!
UHK

NNNFFF..!
M-MASTER? MASTER DEFAY! IT'S OVER!
ARE YOU BADLY HURT?
I AM IN PAIN, GRAVIER. THE WORST PAIN...
THE PAIN THAT COMES FROM HAVING TO TELL MY SO VERY LOYAL SERVANT...
...THAT HE WAS WRONG.
NO... I... I...
BOOM!
BDOOM!
BDOOOM

MASTER DEFAY! WE HAVE SECURED THE WARP GATE! ALL OPPOSITION IS CRUSHED!
GOOD, GOOD
ESCORT ME TO THE GATE. I WANT TO BE THERE TO GREET MY MASTERS IN PERSON AND OFFER THEM THIS WORLD IN TRIBUTE.
END

IT WAS MID-WINTER. AND, ALL ABOUT THEM, THE LAND LAY SHROUDED IN SNOW AND SILENCE.
IT WAS ALMOST AS THOUGH THE NIGHT HELD ITS BREATH, AS THOUGH EVEN THE BEASTS OF THE FOREST DARED NOT MAKE A SOUND FOR FEAR OF DISTURBING THE TALE
THE TALE OF A MAN CALLED HELLBRANDT GRIMM.
IT WAS YEARS AGO, CHILDREN, WHEN I WAS NOT MUCH OLDER THAN ANY OF YOU.
DURING THE LONGEST HOTTEST, DRIEST SUMMER THIS LAND HAS EVER SEEN...
THE TALE OLD RUDOLPH TOLD THE CHILDREN OF THE VILLAGE AS THEY GATHERED ROUND HIM.
A GROUP OF VILLAGERS HAD GONE TO FORAGE ON THE EDGE OF THE FOREST.
AND, AS MUCH TO SEEK REFUGE FROM THE HEAT OF THE DAY AS TO HELP, I HAD GONE WITH THEM.
THOUGH SUCH THOUGHTS WERE QUICKLY BRUSHED ASIDE--
--BY WHAT I FOUND LYING AMONG THE TREES
TALES OF Hellbrandt Grimm
THE SHEPHERD AND THE WOLF

FROM THE WOUND ON HIS ARM, AND THE WAY THE FLESH ROUND IT WAS BLACK WITH VENOM, IT WAS CLEAR HE HAD BEEN BITTEN BY ONE OF THE MONSTROUS SPIDERS THAT LURK DEEP WITHIN THE FOREST
WE BROUGHT HIM BACK TO THE VILLAGE WITH US..
THOUGH SOME THERE MADE IT PLAIN THEY CONSIDERED THIS AN UNWISE DECISION
IT'S MADNESS I TELL YOU! HE COULD BE A BANDIT, OR WORSE!
I SAY WE TAKE HIM BACK WHERE YOU FOUND HIM AND LEAVE HIM TO ROT!
THEN YOU WOULD SHAME US, KARL.
BUT THE VILLAGE HEADMAN A WISE AND KINDLY MAN BY THE NAME OF JOHANNES, WOULD HAVE NONE OF IT.
IS HE AN ANIMAL THAT YOU WOULD LEAVE HIM IN THE FOREST TO DIE?
HE IS A MAN AND, NO MATTER WHAT MANNER OF MAN HE IS, IT IS OUR DUTY TO CARE FOR HIM
BUT HE IS SPIDER-BITTEN AS GOOD AS DEAD ALREADY
THEN WE WILL MAKE HIS LAST HOURS AS COMFORTABLE AS WE CAN.
BRING HIM TO MY HUT.
DESPITE LINGERING MISGIVINGS ON THE PART OF SOME WE DID WHAT JOHANNES ASKED
THOUGH, IT SOON BECAME APPARENT THAT THE STRANGER'S CONDITION WAS EVEN WORSE THAN AT FIRST THOUGHT.
THIS IS... BAD. THE ARM IS PAST SAVING
ARNULF, HAND ME THE SAW.
AH
NO... YOU WILL NOT CUT OFF MY ARM
YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND, STRANGER. IT IS THE ONLY WAY TO STOP THE POISON SPREADING. OTHERWISE, YOU WILL DIE
THEN I WILL DIE BUT I WILL LEAVE THIS WORLD AS I ENTERED IT, WITH FOUR GOOD LIMBS... IF LITTLE ELSE.

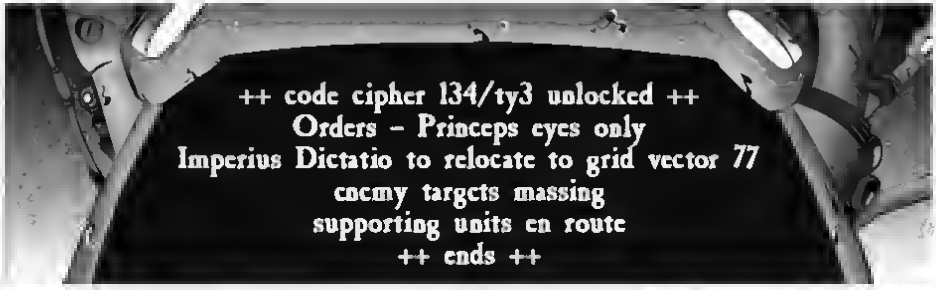

WITH THAT, THE STRANGER LOST CONSCIOUSNESS ONCE MORE AND, THOUGH WE STILL COULD HAVE AMPUTATED, JOHANNES REFUSED TO GO AGAINST THE WISHES OF A DYING MAN
AND THE STRANGER WAS DYING OF THAT THERE WAS NO DOUBT
HE LAY NEAR DEATH FOR DAYS GRIPPED BY RELENTLESS, RAGING FEVER
A FEVER THAT KNEW NO BOUNDS, THAT COULD NOT HELP BUT CONSUME HIM.
A FEVER THAT BURNED AS SURE, AND AS CERTAIN AND AS INEVITABLE AS DEATH ITSELF
AND THEN--
WATER
--THE FEVER BROKE.
BUT OUR HUMBLE VILLAGE WAS DESTINED TO SEE MORE THAN ONE STRANGER THAT SUMMER
IN THE SHAPE OF THE BRIGAND EMISSARIES OF THE NOTORIOUS BANDIT, MANKILLER JOURGENSSEN
I'D SAY IT'S A FAIR PROPOSITION MY FRIENDS FIFTY BUSHELS OF GRAIN AND IN RETURN OUR LEADER PROMISES TO REFRAIN FROM KILLING YOU ALL.
BUT NO SHORT MEASURES NOW NOTHING IRKS THE MANKILLER MORE THAN BEING CHEATED OF HIS DUE

BUT WE HAVE NO GRAIN TO GIVE. SEE FOR YOURSELF, STRANGER. OUR CROPS WITHER IN THE F--OOOFFF!
THEY WOULD HAVE BEATEN JOHANNES TO DEATH THEN
AND IMPRISONED BY OUR FEARS, WE WOULD HAVE LET THEM
BUT FORTUNATELY--
AAARGHH!!
--THERE WAS ONE AMONG US WHO REFUSED TO BE CASED
THAT WAS JUST A WARNING NOW. LEAVE THE OLD MAN BE, AND GO.
DON'T BE A FOOL, HEIDRIK. THAT'S NO THREEPENNY CUTTHROAT.
THAT'S HELLBRANDT GRIMM.
I'LL GUT YOU FOR THAT, YOU MOTHERLOVING SON OF A--
TIMES MUST BE HARD, SELLSWORD, FOR YOU TO BE PROTECTING THIS SORRY PLACE BUT THESE YOKELS WILL LEARN TO REGRET HIRING YOU.
FOR NOW, WHEN THE MANKILLER COMES, NONE WILL BE SPARED.
YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE INTERFERED, GRIMM. IT WAS NONE OF YOUR CONCERN.
YOU WOULD RATHER I HAD LET THEM KILL YOU?
AT LEAST THEN THEY MIGHT HAVE LEFT THE OTHER VILLAGERS ALONE. BUT, AS IT IS NOW...

YOU COULD FIGHT.
WITH PLOUGHSHARE AND PITCHFORK AGAINST SWORD AND SPEAR?
WE ARE FARMERS, GRIMM WHILE THE MANKILLER HAS AT LEAST TWENTY MEN HARDENED KILLERS ALL.
BUT PERHAPS IF YOU WERE GONE WHEN THEY ARRIVED, THEY MIGHT STOP AFTER ONLY KILLING A FEW OF US
DO YOU HAVE A FAST HORSE?
WELL... THERE IS OLD BLITZEN.
SADLY, I FEAR HIS DAYS OF SPEED ARE FAR BEHIND HIM.
YOU NEED NOT WORRY ON THAT SCORE
I HAVE NEVER FOUND A HORSE YET THAT COULD NOT BE MADE TO RUN.
TWO DAYS LATER. CERTAIN OF SWIFT AND BLOODY VICTORY, MANKILLER JOURGENSSEN LED HIS MEN THROUGH THE TALL GRASS OF THE MEADOW EAST OF OUR VILLAGE
NOT THAT HE WAS UNAWARE OF GRIMM'S REPUTATION BUT, IN A BATTLE OF TWENTY-TO-ONE, THERE COULD BE ONLY ONE OUTCOME.
HOWEVER, THE MANKILLER HAD RECKONED WITHOUT ONE THING—
THA-THOK!
THA-THOK!

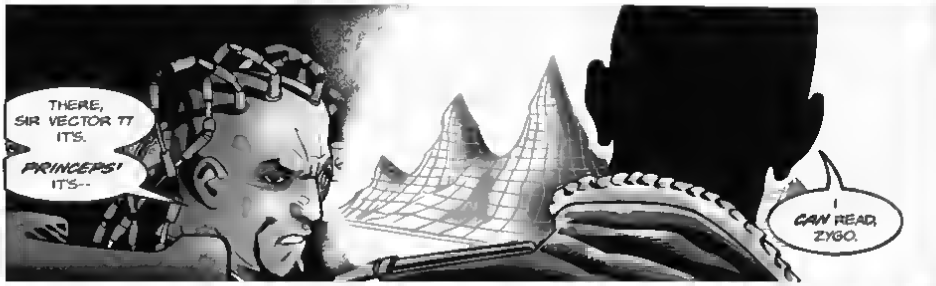
HELLBRANDT GRIMM WAS NO ORDINARY MAN
THA-THOKK!
THA-THOKK!
THA-THOKK!
MADE TINDER-DRY BY LONG MONTHS OF SUMMER HEAT THE GRASS TOOK QUICKLY TO THE TORCH.
AND SOON, BEFORE THEY KNEW IT...
--THE BANDITS FOUND THEMSELVES HEMMED IN BY A RING OF FIRE.
THEN, AS OLD BLITZEN'S HEART FINALLY GAVE OUT, GRIMM AND THE MANKILLER CAME FACE-TO-FACE AT THE HEART OF THE INFERNO.
YOU ARE WRONG, MANKILLER. I AM NOT TRAPPED IN HERE WITH YOU--
MADMAN! DON'T YOU REALISE YOU ARE TRAPPED IN HERE WITH US!
--YOU ARE TRAPPED IN HERE WITH ME.

OUTSIDE THE MEADOW, WE COULD ONLY WAIT IN UNCERTAIN HORROR AS, FROM WITHIN, THERE CAME THE SCREAMS OF DYING MEN AND HORSES, AND THE STENCH OF BURNING FLESH.
IN TIME, THE FIRE BURNT ITSELF OUT, LEAVING BEHIND A SCORCHED LANDSCAPE OF ASH AND BONE IN WHICH NOT A LIVING THING STIRRED
FOR HOW COULD ANYTHING SURVIVE SUCH CARNAGE?
IN THE YEARS TO COME, MANY WHO WERE THERE WOULD VENTURE OPINIONS AS TO HOW HE HAD DONE IT
HAD HE TAKEN REFUGE IN A POOL OF THE BLOOD OF THOSE HE HAD KILLED? BURIED HIMSELF WITH A BAG OF AIR TO STOP HIS LUNGS BEING SCORCHED?
SOME EVEN REMARKED DARKLY THAT A DAEMON BORN OF FIRE NEED NEVER FEAR THE FLAME..
BUT, THERE AND THEN, WE SAID NOTHING NOR DID GRIMM. HE JUST SAW OUR FEAR OF HIM. THE FEAR WE HELD IN OUR EYES--
--AND THEN, HE TURNED AND WALKED AWAY.
BUT WHAT ABOUT JOHANNES? YOU SAID HE WAS KIND AND WISE HOW COULD HE JUST LET GRIMM WALK AWAY?
BECAUSE JOHANNES KNEW A MAN MUST SOMETIMES PUT WISDOM BEFORE KINDNESS
AND WHAT SHEPHERD WOULD EVER ALLOW A WOLF TO JOIN HIS FLOCK..
Once, a foolish Shepherd came upon an injured Wolf in the forest...
Taking pity upon it, he brought the Wolf home with him and nursed it back to health-even going so far as to let the Wolf eat at his table and sleep in his bed. Until, one day, the Shepherd asked the Wolf to mind his infant son while he was away. But when the Shepherd returned he found his son's cot empty, except for a torn and bloody blanket. While the Wolf was nowhere to be found..
'The Parable of the Wolf', from Jacob Durch, Folk Wisdoms of the Empire
THE END


++ code cipher 134/ty3 unlocked ++
Orders – Princeps eyes only
Imperius Dictatio to relocate to grid vector 77
enemy targets massing
supporting units en route
++ ends ++

ZYGO! SEND THE SIGNAL ORDERS RECEIVED TO COMMAND STANDARD CIPHER
AND PUNCH ME UP A CHART I WANT TO SEE THIS VECTOR 77
AYE, PRINCEPS.

TITAN
>COLD STEEL<



SCRIPT: DAN ABNETT • ART: ANTHONY WILLIAMS • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

TWENTY TWO HOURS AGO, A DETONATION RIPPED THROUGH THE HEART OF ARTEMIS MANUFACTUROPOLIS.
THE ELECTROMAGNETIC AFTERSHOCK CRIPPLED DICTATIO'S SYSTEMS AND NEARLY GOT US *ALL* BUTCHERED
AND NOW, COMMAND GIVES THE ORDER FOR US TO ADVANCE TO VECTOR 77
WHICH IS PRECISELY *GROUND ZERO* OF THE BLAST
A PLACE WHERE *NOTHING* SHOULD BE LEFT ALIVE

HAS COMMAND MADE AN ERROR? SHOULD I DO SOMETHING I HAVE NEVER DONE IN MY CAREER...
...AND REQUEST VERIFICATION OF ORDERS?
OR DO THEY KNOW SOMETHING I DON'T?
CONTACT! CONTACT! THREE HUNDRED METRES!
SHIELDS!
I HAVE A RECOGNITION HAIL, SIR!
"IT IS IMPERIUS ERADICUS!"
WELL MET, BROTHER DICTATIO. YOU 700 ARE CALLED TO THIS HUNT!"

AYE, PRINCEPS VALLARD. BUT WHAT *SORT* OF HUNT?
COMMAND DOES NOT MAKE MISTAKES, HEKATE THERE *WILL* BE SPORT HERE
SPORT FOR OUR TITANS GUNS
VALLARD WAS *EVER* GUNG HO
WE ADVANCE WITHIN FIVE MINUTES WE ARE JOINED BY IMPERIUS BELLADON, APOCALYPTUS CREDO IMPERIUS BRONTOS AND FIVE MORE BESIDES
THE TERRAIN WE ADVANCE THROUGH IS FUSED AND SOLIDIFIED BY THE HEAT OF THE DETONATION
VITRIFIED RUBBLE AND DEFORMED METALS GLINT AND SPARKLE LIKE MIRRORS OR JEWELS
THE COCKPIT RADIATION METERS CHIRRUP LIKE LOCUSTS ON A BALMY NIGHT

TARGET! TARGET!
CEASE FIRE, ERADICUS! CEASE NOW!
WE WERE NEARLY CAUGHT BY YOUR FIRE, VALLARD!
THERE WAS A TARGET! ON MY SCOPES!
MY SENSORS SAW NOTHING. YOU'RE JUMPING AT SHADOWS, PRINCEPS.
I TELL YOU I SAW SOMETHING, HEKATE! SOMETHING. BIG! REVIEW MY SENSOR LOGS IF YOU DOUBT ME!
THERE'S NOTHING THERE NOW, VALLARD. NOTHING.

" PRINCEPS! A FRESH CONTACT! IT'S THE IMPERIUS EXCELSIOR TWO HUNDRED METERS DEAD AHEAD "
" NO RESPONSE TO HAILS I'M GETTING NO READINGS AT ALL FROM HER "
TAKE US IN AROUND HER, VOSS RAISE SHIELDS.
ERADICUS, BELLADON COVER ME
ACKNOWLEDGED
COVER FIRE TO YOUR FLANK, DICTATIO.
GOD EMPEROR PROTECT US!
IT'S LIKE IT'S BEEN GNAWED AWAY! WHAT.. WHAT COULD DO THAT?
PRINCEPS! PRINCEPS! CONTACT, FULL FRONT!

FULL FRONT! FULL FRONT! DAEMON!
I SEE IT
AND I KNOW.
THIS WAS NO ORDINARY DETONATION
THIS WAS A DETONATION OF CHAOS.
AND WE'VE WALKED RIGHT INTO GROUND ZERO INTO THE BIRTH-PIT OF WARP DAEMONS
TO DIE.
NEXT: TITAN-DEATH

THE TEN-TAILED CAT IN TALABHEIM, KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE CITY AS A GATHERING PLACE FOR RACONTEURS AND THE TELLERS OF TALL TALES
THEY COME TO THE TEN-TAILED CAT FOR MANY REASONS. SOME TO BOAST OF THEIR EXPLOITS, SOME TO AMUSE AND ENTERTAIN OTHERS TO UNBURDEN THEIR SOULS OR PASS ON DIRE WARNINGS –
The Vampire Hunter's Tale
WHILE OTHERS ATTEMPT TO FIND COMPANIONSHIP FOR THE NIGHT...
...SO I LEAPT THROUGH THE WINDOW WITH THE FAIR BRETONNIAN MAIDEN UNDER ONE ARM AND THE TALISMAN OF RA IN THE OTHER.
OH SUCH TALL TALES SIR. I THINK THE WINE HAS GONE TO YOUR HEAD
LEONORA, ARE YOU CALLING COUNT MURNAU A LIAR?
COME, HAVE MORE RED WINE, AND LET ME REGALE YOU WITH ANOTHER TALE OF A FAR OFF AND EXOTIC LAND
I HAVE A STORY FOR YOU, TRAVELLER
EXCUSE ME, STRANGER, BUT THE LADY AND I WERE...
PLEASE, COUNT, LET HIM SPEAK.
WHAT IS YOUR STORY ABOUT, STRANGER?
IT IS A DARK TALE ABOUT THE VILE AND DECEPTIVE NATURE OF THE UNDEAD.
YOUNG RUDRIG VAN GRITT LIVED IN OSTOCK, A VILLAGE IN EASTERN KISLEV. IT'S MASSIVE BEAUTY AND THE OPEN HEARTS OF ITS OCCUPANTS WERE AT ODDS WITH THE ENCROACHING THREAT OF CHAOS FROM THE NORTH.
AND NONE WERE MORE FEARSOME THAN THE VAMPIRES AND ZOMBIES THAT HAD PLAGUED THE VILLAGERS FOR DECADES
TALES FROM THE TEN-TAILED CAT

SCRIPT: *STU TAYLOR* • ART: *CLINT LANGLEY* • LETTERS: *FIONA STEPHENSON*

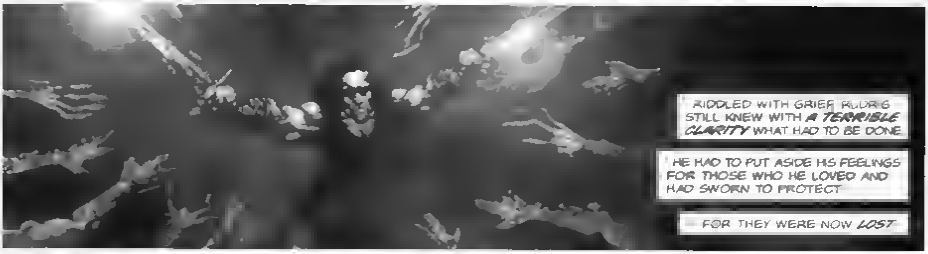
RUDRIG WAS TRAINED BY HIS FATHER, HARKEN VAN GRITT TO BECOME THE VILLAGE'S PROTECTOR. IT WAS HIS RESPONSIBILITY TO PROTECT HIS KITH AND KIN, AND *HOLD BACK* THE NIGHT-DWELLING FIENDS WHO WOULD FEAST UPON THE INNOCENT AND DEFENCELESS.
THE VILLAGERS DID NOT TAKE THEIR CHAMPION FOR GRANTED AND *EAGERLY* AIDED VAN GRITT IN HIS TRAINING
RUDRIG'S TRAINING WAS SCARCELY COMPLETE WHEN HE FACED HIS *FIRST* AND MOST TERRIBLE ORDEAL WITH THE FORCES OF DARKNESS.
TRAVELLING BACK TO OSTOCK, FOLLOWING A PATROL OF THE SURROUNDING AREA, RUDRIG AND HIS FATHER WERE *THROWN* FROM THEIR STEEDS BY AN *UNSEEN* FOE
REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS SOME HOURS LATER, RUDRIG DISCOVERED *NO SIGN* OF HIS ATTACKER...
...OTHER THAN THE *BRUTALLY DECAPITATED* CORPSE OF HIS FATHER THAT HAD BEEN LEFT BESIDE HIM
SHOCKED AND STUNNED, RUDRIG DUG A MAKESHIFT GRAVE AND BURIED THE REMAINS OF HIS FATHER, *DETERMINED* THAT NO GHOULISH VULTURE WOULD HAVE AN *EASY* MEAL.

WITH A HEAVY HEART RUDRIG CONTINUED HIS JOURNEY HOME *UNAWARE* OF THE HORROR THAT AWAITED HIM THERE

THE *SMELL* OF BURNING FLESH AND THE *ANGUISHED* CRIES OF HIS FRIENDS STRUCK RUDRIG LONG BEFORE HE ENTERED THE CLEARING AND SAW, FIRST HAND, THE *INFERNO* THAT RAVAGED HIS VILLAGE.
SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE FLAMES WERE THE APPARENT INSTIGATORS OF OSTOCKS *DESTRUCTION*... AN ARMY OF *ZOMBIES!*

LED BY THE *SHADOWY FIEND* THAT ATTACKED RUDRIG AND KILLED HIS FATHER, THE FORCES OF CHAOS SEIZED THE OPPORTUNITY TO EXACT A GRUESOME *REVENGE*
SIMPLY SATISFYING THEIR INFERNAL BLOODLUST WAS NOT ENOUGH, AS THEY TURNED RUDRIG'S FAMILY AND FRIENDS INTO WHAT THEY *FEARED* MOST...

...THE *UNDEAD!*


RIDDLED WITH GRIEF RUDRIG STILL KNEW WITH *A TERRIBLE CLARITY* WHAT HAD TO BE DONE
HE HAD TO PUT ASIDE HIS FEELINGS FOR THOSE WHO HE LOVED AND HAD SWORN TO PROTECT
FOR THEY WERE NOW *LOST*

THEY SAY THAT THE MOON TURNED *BLOOD RED* THAT NIGHT

A SORRY TALE INDEED, TRAVELLER. PERHAPS YOU SHOULD CONSIDER ADDING A HAPPIER ENDING THE NEXT TIME YOU TELL IT?
HUSH, MURNAU. TELL ME STRANGER, WHAT BECAME OF RUDRIG? DID HE TRULY KILL HIS FRIENDS?
YES, RUDRIG KILLED ALL OF THE ZOMBIES, AND ALTHOUGH A PART OF HIM DIED ALONG WITH HIS KIN, RUDRIG STILL LIVES. DRIVEN TO FIND AND KILL THE LEADER OF THE UNDEAD, THE VAMPIRE WHO ORDERED THE DESECRATION OF HIS BELOVED VILLAGE
BE CAREFUL WHO YOU MOCK IN FUTURE
IS BLOODY REVENGE A HAPPY ENOUGH ENDING FOR YOU, COUNT?
I ER COUGH
DON'T YOU THINK I'VE EARNED A REWARD FOR ALLOWING YOU TO HELP ME DRAIN THE CONTENTS OF MY PURSE?
I THINK YOU'RE FAIR TOO PRESUMPTIOUS, GOOD COUNT BUT YES, YOU DO DESERVE A REWARD.
AH, FAIR MAIDEN I FEAR THAT I HAVE A TERRIBLE HUNGER WHICH ONLY YOU CAN SATISFY
MMMMM.
YOU WILL NOT FEED TONIGHT VAMPIRE!
OOOF!
THE STORY TELLER. YOU ARE RUDRIG VAN GRITT!
B B BUT I'M NOT A VAMPIRE
I KNOW
I HEARD TELL THAT TRAVELLERS HAD BEEN FOUND MURDERED IN THE BACK ALLEYS OF TALABHEIM, DRAINED OF BLOOD. ALL OF WHOM HAD BEEN SEEN LEAVING THE TEN TAILED CAT IN THE COMPANY OF A PALE-SKINNED WOMAN

YOU *REALLY* SHOULD HAVE COVERED YOUR TRACKS BETTER, *LAMMIAN DEVIL-WOMAN!*
HSSSSS!
AND I SHOULD HAVE *MURDERED* YOU ALONG WITH YOUR FATHER WHEN I HAD THE
NOT MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE TWICE!
SHUCK!
NO... YOU *WON'T*
BE GRATEFUL THAT SHE *ONLY* DRAINED YOUR PURSE, COUNT
THE END

NEW FROM THE BLACK LIBRARY

All those out there crying into their beer over the loss of those damnable villains Ulli & Marquand can have a good blow on their blood-stained hankies and look forward to this month's graphic novel release. Yes, it is the complete adventures of Ulli & Marquand to date, from their inception, their little-known adventures in the Fanatic magazine Town Cryer, the awesome Crusade storyline to their grisly end. This is the month to revel once more in the evilest duo the Warhammer world has ever seen with the black comedy of Gordon Rennie and the carnage-crammed artwork of Paul Jeacock, Karl Kopinski and Mike Perkins.

Comic action continues in Inferno! 29 with the all-action Salesman's Tale, also in this issue, the next awesome Dan Abnett's Iron Snake marines story and another Nathan Creed showdown.

There's the new edition of the classic Brian Craig novel, Zaragoz, the first in the Tales of Orfeo trilogy, and a new Warhammer 40,000 anthology, Words of Blood. This volume contains adventures from some of our most popular novel characters and includes adventures of Inquisitor Eisenhorn, Kage of the Last Chancers and the new hero Ultramarines Captain Uriel Ventris from Nightbringer, as well as more short fiction set in the dark universe of the far future. And in a third novel this month, Gordon 'Bloodquest' Rennie's long-awaited Zavant, the casebook of the Altdorf sage's greatest investigations.

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INCOMING

✦

✦✦ A couple of questions – three really. First off, what about stories of Armageddon in Warhammer Monthly? The stories from there would be interesting for I'd like to see tales of courage, fortitude and well, conflict from that war-ravaged planet. Secondly, will we ever see Baneblade in action, even in a one-off story? I think we should see what sort of fighter he is don't you think?

Gutspew, do you recall what you said in issue thirty-five's letters page about me? Well, with totally profound disrespect, I say this: take your sword and do yourself a mischief with it! You are a mischievous little Chaos toady with all the imagination of a device known as a 'whoopee cushion': all air and no substance at all. Spiky fist of Khorne! You and whose army? Try it and you'll have 60 brigades of SPS Space Marines to deal with...

✦

✦✦ Stephen Farthing – Bristol

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✦ I'm not so sure about stories set on Armegeddon but it hes given me en Idee about where to send that pethetic weasel Baneblade for his summer holidays. I'm certeln the greenskins teking his sun lounger every morning will be the least of his worrias. Now, how do I make sure thet snivelling wretch walks stralght through an ork crossfire?

And who are these SPS Space Marines thet you talk of? Slimy Public Schoolboys? Sycophentic Property Sellers? Sloppy Pudding Slurpers? Singing Performing Seals? Tell me at once, meggot!

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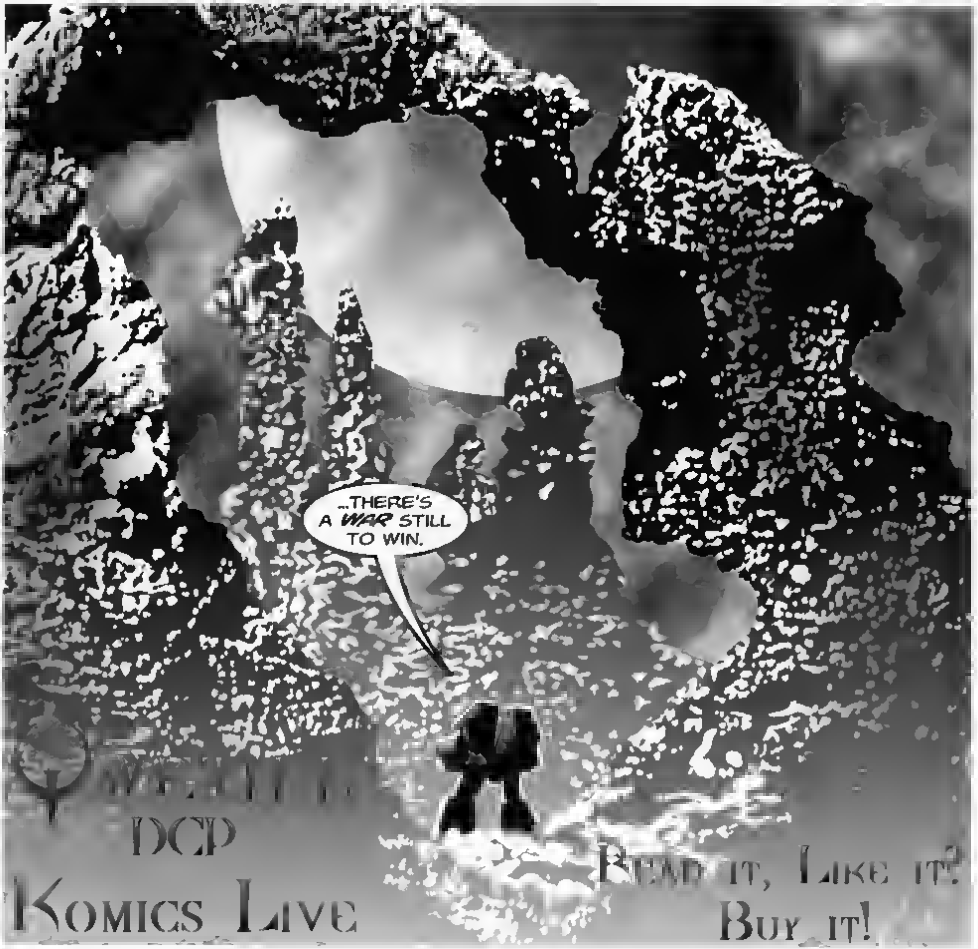
starting next issue:
LONE WOLVES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